

FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRAGTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
Being a grandfather, with four active grand-children who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste. I remain, yours truly,
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES,
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.

We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard of. It is always ready and does not dry up and waste. I used it on several occasions, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. O'LEND.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs.—I afford you the pleasure of today to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,
I remain, yours truly,
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1323 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.

We cheerfully attest to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. Its exactly what we need—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not dry up. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules**. It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.
SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

November 29, 1880

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.

Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it. Yours truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 681 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.

Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself. THOMAS W. STUCKY,
67 North Seventh Street.

New York, January 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules**, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial it will find its household goods it did its work most effectively. Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.

I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Brackets and Niches, Card-frames, and fine work far superior to any other glue. THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations, the most important is, that

IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Cruckery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale Agents

NO. 19 BOND STREET,

(near Broadway.)

New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invests less than \$250 in this paper, writes: "Your Select List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST. IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST. IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one issue, "Your Select List," is \$2.25. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,980.14. The list includes 552 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 365 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1881.

NUMBER 28.

POETRY.

Twelve Years of Silence.

[The following poem was written by a semi-mute lady of Boston, Miss Alice C. Jennings, and is taken from a little volume of her poems, called "Heart Echoes," published by Rand, Avery & Co., of Boston.—Ed.]

Father, who in love unerring
Hast my life in silence veiled,
Hushed be every faithless murmur,
For that love has never failed;
Twelve long years a spell unbroken
Hath o'er ear and voice been thrown,
Yet the Saviour's voice has spoken
To my heart with clearer tone.

Eight bright years their course had numbered,
All undimmed by care or pain;
Though those sounds so long have slumbered,
Yet their echoes still remain.
In my fancy still I hear them,
And a gleam of light they throw
O'er a path whose lonely sorrow
Only "silent ones" can know.

As the bird at midnight singeth
In its purest, clearest strain,
Music sweet our Father bringeth
From the discipline of pain:
On my heart His peace bedying,
Better far than earthly bliss,
Soul and mind and heart are growing
As they might not, but for this.

What of life to me remaineth,
Lord, I consecrate to Thee;
Silent still, but working ever,
Like the light, my life shall be,
Till the shadow from it lifted,
Sound once more shall God bestow,
In that world whose ceaseless music
Pause and discord ne'er shall know.

STORY TELLER.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

You may see it in Greenwood cemetery. A splendid tombstone with a woman's name upon it. Not Ruth Holly—though that is the name under which you shall know her—but a prouder name, and one you may have heard. Flowers grow about her tomb, and the turf lies softly over it. You would scarcely guess her life and its sad end as you stand there. Rather would you fancy that love and tenderness surrounded one over whom such piles of sculptured marble reared itself from her birth unto her death.

It is a story such as I seldom write—this life of hers—one that can not be ended by happy reunions and the sweet sound of marriage bells; but there are too much such stories in the world to be quietly passed over, happily there be any warning in them. The lives of others are, if we read them rightly, the best sermons ever preached, and this of Ruth Holly's is only too true. Yet it began very sweetly, like some old pastoral poem. She loved and was beloved again, and the man she loved had only one fault.

He was young, he was brave, he was witty, he was handsome, he was generous; his love was devotion, his friendship no lukewarm thing of words; he had great talent and great power. His eloquence had thrilled many an audience worth the thrilling. What he wrote touched the soul to the very quick. He was an amateur painter and musician and everywhere was loved and honored and admired. He had only one fault in the world—he drank too much wine at times.

When he did so he turned, so said convivial friends, into a very demigod. It was wrong, but not so bad as might have been, and he would sow his wild oats some day, they said, loving him as his friends all loved him; and so Ruth thought. Sweet, loving, beautiful Ruth, to whom he had pledged his troth and wooed in verse and song and with his most eloquent eyes long before he put his passion into words; but so did not think Ruth Holly's father. This one fault of Edward Holly's overshadowed his virtue in his eyes, and he refused him his daughter's hand, giving him the reason why plainly and not kindly.

"You'll be a drunkard yet, Ned Holly," said the old man, shaking his head, earnestly. "I've seen men of genius go the same road before. I've often said I'd rather have no talent in my family, since it seems to lead so surely to dissipation. My sons are not too brilliant to be sober men, thank heaven, and as for my daughter, only a sober man shall have her for a wife; you'd break her heart, Ned Holly."

So the dashing man of letters felt himself insulted and retorted hotly, and the two were enemies. Ruth suffered bitterly. She loved her father, and she loved Edward. To disobey her parent, or to break her lover's heart, seemed the only choice offered her. She had other lovers, she had seen much society, and had been introduced to the highest circles in France as well as in England, but amongst all the men she had known none who pleased her as Edward Holly did. Not what one styles an intellectual woman herself, she revered intellect, and her affections were intense. The struggle in her heart was terrible.

She met with her lover by stealth, against her father's will, but for a long while she resisted his entreaties to marry him in defiance of her father's refusal. At last, angered by her persistence in obedience, Edward accused her of fearing to share the

fortunes of one comparatively poor—one who must carve his own way up life's steep hill without assistance. The unmerited reproach sunk deeply into her warm heart, and in a sudden impulse of tenderness and sympathy she gave him the promise he had so long sought in vain. They were married that evening, and before morning were upon their way to a far-off city, where Edward, sanguine and conscious of power, believed that he should make for himself a name and position of which any woman might be proud. To her father Ruth wrote a long letter, imploring his forgiveness, but the answer crushed all hope within her bosom.

"As you now sow, so must you reap," were the words her father wrote. "I have no longer a daughter," and Ruth knew that henceforth (for she has been motherless for years) she had in all the world only the husband for whom she had sacrificed fortune, and what is worth far more, the tender protection of a father.

In those early days Edward did his best to make amends for all, and she was so proud of him and so fond of him that she soon forgot to grieve.

She heard his name uttered in praise by all. She knew that he had but to keep steadily on, to mount to the proudest seat in fame's high temple, and for a year she had no fear of his faltering. Now and then a feverish something in his voice and manner, a strange light in his eyes, a greater flow of eloquence in his talk, a more passionate demonstration of love for her than usual, told that he was under the influence of wine, but the fact only seemed to enhance his power of fascination. Never was he so brilliant, never so handsome. Almost could Ruth have laughed at the sermons preached by the temperance folks of the harm sure to follow wine-drinking.

If the story could end here, the true story of Ruth Holly's life, it would be almost a happy one, but alas, the sunny slope adown which it seemed so easy to slide, daily grew darker as the years flew on. How they began to tell her the fate before her, Ruth hardly knew.

A little flush of shame came first when his step was unsteady and his voice too loud. Then a grievous tear or two when he was unreasonable. Then a sorrow that kept her heart aching night and day, for the man who first won inspiration from the glass now lost it in its depths; lectures to be delivered were not given to the expectant public because "of the illness of the lecturer."

Ruth knew what that illness meant, and tried to hide it. Literary work was neglected also. Money was lost that might have been easily won. Debts grew and credits lessened, the handsome suite of rooms was exchanged for one quite shabby. Ruth's dress became poverty-stricken, her husband was out at the elbows and at the toes—he was intoxicated from morning until night, and yet she loved him and clung to him, and in his sober moments he loved her as fondly as ever. Sometimes the old strength and the old hope would be aroused in him and he would struggle to regain his lost position, but it was all in vain, ruin triumphed, and in five years from her wedding day Ruth found herself with her one remaining child, the first having died within a year of its birth, in the dingiest of wretched tenement houses, in a state bordering upon beggary.

Edward had been more madly intoxicated than ever before; he had even given her a blow, and now, as the night wore on, he muttered and raved and called for brandy, and cursed her and himself until she trembled with fear. At last, as the clock struck 10, he started to his feet and staggered out of the room, vowing to get drunk somewhere.

Poor Ruth stood where he had left her for a few moments. The memory of the past was strong on her that night. Just at this hour, five years before, they had fled from her father's house together. How tender he was, how loving, how gentle! How he vowed that she would never regret that night, and how had he kept these promises? He had broken every vow—he neither cherished nor protected her. His worldly goods he had given to the ravenous demon, drink, his love had become something scarcely worth having, and yet she loved him, and clung to him. She tried to feel cold and hard towards him, but she could not; she strove to remember the blow he had given her, the oaths he had uttered, but she answered herself as she did so, "It was not him who did it—it was rum." She listened to the uncertain, reeling footsteps in the street below and burst into tears.

"My poor darling," she whispered, as she thought some grievous calamity had smitten him into the thing he was, and he had not himself "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brain," unmindful of her pleading, unmindful of her woe, and her shame. She thought of him reeling

helpless along the street, and feared that some harm would come to him. He might fall in some out-of-the-way place and lie there undiscovered, and so freeze to death that bitter night, and in her agony of terror poor Ruth could not restrain herself from following him.

Her poor weakly baby slept; she wrapped it in a blanket and laid it in its poor cradle. Then she threw her warm shawl over her head, and hastened down the street, this late Saturday night, with market-going people of the poorer classes.

A little way before he reeled the handsome, broad-shouldered figure of her husband, and she, a lady, bred and born, fastidious, elegant, accomplished, reared in luxury, heard poor laborers' wives warn their children to beware of the "drunken fellow." She heard coarse laughs at his expense, and under the shadow of her shawl, her cheek burned hotly, but for all that she never thought of going back and leaving him to himself. As soon as she could, she gained his side and called him by name.

"Edward! Edward!"

He turned and looked unsteadily at her in a bewildered way.

"You?" he said. "You ought to be at home this time of night."

"So ought we both," said Ruth. "Come, dear."

"He threw her hand off."

"I'm my own master," he said. I'm not tied to any woman's apron string!" and staggered away again.

Ruth following through the long streets with every face turned toward them as they passed—some laughing, some contemptuous, some terrified; out at last upon the wharves, and there the besotted man sat down more stupefied by the liquor he had swallowed, in that fresh, cold air. Ruth was thinly clad—the chill of the sea-blast seemed to reach her very heart. She thought of the babe at home and tears coursed down her cheeks. Again and again did she plead with the mad man at her side.

Again and again she tried to bring to his mind some lingering memory of the past days when his love and protection had been hers. In vain. Wild fancies filled his brain, demons born of the fumes of rum beld possession of his senses. Sometimes he thrust her from him, sometimes he gave her a maudlin embrace, and bade her bring him more liquor, but go home he would not. The distant hum of the city died out at last, all was still with the strange stillness of a city night. The frosty stars twinkled overhead. Now and then a night boat passed up the river, with measured beat and throb. Once a ruffian-looking fellow sauntered past them on a pier, but though he flung her an insolent word and yet more insolent laugh, and went away singing yet more insolently, he did not approach them. So benumbed had Ruth grown, so cold to the very heart was she, that the power of motion had almost deserted her, when at last, as the church clock not far away tolled the hour of four, the degraded man staggered to his feet and reeled homeward. She followed feebly, and only by clinging to the balustrade could she mount the wretched stairs. It was bitter cold within as without, but she was glad to find herself at last under shelter. Her babe still slumbered and she did not waken it. Her frozen bosom could only have chilled the little creature. There were a few bits of broken wood in one corner, and with these she made a fire in the old stove, and crouched over it, striving to gain some little warmth, while her husband slumbered heavily upon the bed in the corner, to which he had staggered on his entrance.

Thus an hour passed by, and Ruth also fell asleep. The silence, the pleasant warmth at her feet, the fancy that all her trouble was over for the night, lulled her to pleasant dreams. From them she was awakened by the ringing of the factory bell and by the sound of cries and shouts in the street below. She cast her eyes toward the bed—her husband was not there; toward the cradle—it was empty. She flew to the window—the street was full of factory boys with their tin kettles. Some great jest amused them mightily. They roared, they danced, they tossed their ragged caps on high, they shrieked in unmusical laughter, and the object of all this mad mirth was only too evident.

On the steps of the liquor store opposite stood Edward Holly, holding his child in his arms and exhibiting for the benefit of the delighted crowd all those antics of which an intoxicated man alone is capable. He called on the grinning master of the gin-cellar to "give this child some brandy;" and turned the screaming infant about in a manner that left no doubt that he would end by dropping it upon the broken pavement.

Wild with terror Ruth rushed out into the street, and made her way through the crowd to the spot where her husband stood, but before she reached him the scene had changed.

Some boys more brutal than the rest had thrown a handful of mud into Edward Holly's face, and he, reeling and blaspheming, had dashed forward to revenge the act.

The child had been flung away at the first step, but fortunately had been caught by an old woman who, though a degraded creature herself, had enough of the woman remaining to save an infant from injury.

And now the whole horde of boys beset the drunken man, pelting him with sticks and stones and decayed vegetables from the kennel, and reveling in the brutal delight with which such a scene always seem to inspire boys of the lower classes.

Ruth saw that her babe was safe and that her husband was in danger, and, forgetful of all else, flew toward him. She cared nothing for the jeers of the mob; before them she flung her arms about him and interposed her beautiful person between him and his assailants. The head that carried itself a little proudly in the presence of the highest in the land—that seemed more queenlike than that of the Empress herself at the court of France—that had awakened the envy of the titled English women when the young American woman dwelt among them—dropped itself low upon the bosom of the drunken wretch who was the jeer and scorn of a low mob, and only in love and pity, not in anger, did she speak to him:

"Come home, Edward! They'll hurt you, my poor love! Come home with me."

Mad as he was—filled with the demon of drink, to the exclusion of the soul God had given him—the soft, sweet voice, the fond touch of the white fingers, awakened some memory of the man's breast.

"Go you home, girl!" he whispered. "I'll kill them! Don't fret. I'll kill 'em, and—"

"Come home, darling," she whispered again, and he stooped and gave her a kiss. At that the boys yelled derisively, and flung more mud and stones at them. One threw a stone—a heavy stone, sharp-pointed and jagged. Whether he ever intended to strike the man is doubtful, but the missile flew fiercely through the air and crushed against the golden head of the devoted wife. A stream of blood gushed from the white temple and poured down upon the bosom where it dropped never to lift itself again—never, never more. Only with a quivering shudder of pain she felt for the fate of the man who had sworn to love and cherish her, and had broken that vow so utterly while hers had been so truly kept.

"Good-by, Edward," she whispered. "I can't see you now—kiss me. Oh be good to baby! Be good to baby!" and no word more.

The crowd was hushed to silence. A sobered man bent over the dead woman, whose hands had dropped away from his breast, and the love and truth and tenderness of her heart were all manifest to him in that terrible moment—manifest in vain, for repentance could not restore her to life, nor blot out the love which had crushed her heart through all those weary days of her sad married life.

"What is the matter here?" cried a voice as a portly man forced his way through the crowd. "A woman hurt?" A woman killed," said a policeman, "and that brute is the cause of all," and the gentleman bent forward and started back with a cry of anguish.

"It is Ruth!" he said. "My Ruth!" and fell back into the policeman's arms in a death-like swoon. Forgiveness and repentance had come alike too late for poor Ruth Holly. Her father could give her nothing but a grave.

The child born amidst want and penury, nourished by a half starving mother, pined away and died in the luxurious home to which its grandfather bore it; and now, as the old man sits alone in his splendid home he sometimes hears a strange, wild cry in the streets outside, through which a drunken creature reels and staggers, howling ever and anon, "Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!" It is Edward Holly, who ever in his drunken madness searches for his murdered wife. It is the pitiful, horrible, heart-breaking wreck of the once splendidly-beautiful man of talent who had only one fault.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

She cooed; he wooed; the old man said they could if they would. No cards.

When Benjamin Franklin was an editor he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in homely language that owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript.

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A Letter from "Archimedes."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My letters for the JOURNAL have, of late, been very few, but this is owing to the little time I had while at school.

Our school closed on the 14th of last month, and all the pupils went home except a few who lingered a few days awaiting the arrival of their parents. Most of the pupils, if not all, were both glad and sorry at going away—glad to go home and mingle with their friends and relatives, and sorry to leave their school friends behind them. Most of them will return again, while several will embark in some business in the fall. A few, however, have already launched their frail barks on the "sea of life," and we hope they will keep their "weather eye" opened and look out for the rocks and breakers ahead.

One has obtained a position as chaser in Tiffany & Co.'s factory, and several others are going to follow the same business in different establishments. Many of those who are going to return in the fall, are at present in business for the summer. Almost all these positions were obtained through Prof. Greenberger.

Our Institution will reopen in the fall in its new and handsome edifice on Lexington Avenue, built after Queen Ann's style of architecture. The number of pupils expected to be enrolled this year will make the total number at the Institution about 200, which shows how rapidly the Institution is growing.

With one exception, all the teachers are expected to return.

It is rumored that the sign-language will not be allowed among the older pupils in their conversation out of school, and for this reason a new teacher, we think, will be added to the staff of officers besides the one to fill the vacancy caused by the resigning of one of their number.

Prof. Greenberger is spending the summer at Patchogue, L. I. We had occasion to go to the L. I. R. R. Depot with him once, and while waiting for the train, he pointed out to me a young man dressed in the uniform of a B. R. employe who was deaf and dumb. I went to the person and addressed him in signs, but he did not understand as he has never received any education. He handed me a card on which was the following:

"DUMMY."

MORNING PAPERS.
TEMPERANCE—SAVES HIS MONEY.
After giving me the card he left me to attend to his business. I went to his employer and asked for something about "Dummy," but he could give me no information concerning him.

We hope to be present at the Manhattan Literary Association's Excursion, if nothing prevents our going to New York. A large number of the pupils of the 44th Street Institution are expected to participate in it.

It is our opinion that the action of the M. L. A. in employing a Police to keep order will be a disgrace to the mutes, as it may impress upon the minds of the people that we are a class with large bumps of combative-ness which renders it necessary for us to have officers of the law accompany us on our annual excursion.

ARCHIMEDES.

MAHWAN, N. J., July 7, '81.

Items from Wellsboro, Pa., and Vicinity.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sylvester Horton, well known to his State graduates, will resign his position here soon to go to Bradford County. His employers, as well as his fellow workmen, will deeply regret the loss. He is respected by all who know him.

A little deaf-mute boy, by the name of Master Moore, will soon attend school. He is well known here as a bright and smart boy.

A mute man near here, said to be uneducated, by the name of Jennings, has just completed a curiosity in the shape of a mill with a water-wheel in a small glass bottle. It is now in the hands of a dentist of our place. His price for it is \$500. It is certainly a great exhibition of mechanical ingenuity.

A mute man, whose name I don't know, residing at Blossburg, whose occupation is minding, was arrested a few weeks since, on the charge of brutally assaulting a fellow workman, but was released on the recovery of his victim. The doctors said he must have been struck with a heavy hammer or some such instrument from the nature of the wound, but the mute denies it and says he only struck with his fist, and assigns as the cause that the man insulted him.

Who is Volcut Phelps, of Mansfield, Penna.? I noticed the name in your paper. I know nearly all the business men of that place, but never learned that any of them had a deaf son. Please tell me what his father's first name is and I'll try to see him.

Would like to know also Josie Goldman's present address. [J. S. Goldman

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
\$3 Terms, cash in advance.

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Station M, New York City.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The candid and generous deaf-mutes will quite agree with Mr. C. R. Thomson in the view which he takes of the proposed "non-Episcopal" mission. There is actually no need of such a mission in New York. Those who are Protestants can find nothing objectionable in any of the sermons preached at St. Ann's, no matter to what denomination they belong. Even intelligent and respectable Catholics go to St. Ann's, and come away feeling that they have not absorbed any wrong ideas or that their time has been misspent. The fact is, those who profess this delicate and specific shade of denominational antipathy are not really religious in the sense in which the world is generally understood. Secular gossip is preferred far more by such people than a good sermon. Stretching the imagination to its extreme limit, let us suppose the persons who advocate this new affair, to be called a mission, are as enthusiastically devout as their outbursts of spiritual feeling are designed to lead one to believe, there is still no probability that their efforts will be successful.

But disregarding the improbability of a successful effort in establishing such a mission in New York, it is in order to say something in regard to the wording of the notice which was presented to the readers of the JOURNAL. The notice calls for a non-Episcopal mission. Mark you, non-Episcopalians need apply. Presbyterians, methodists, baptists, etc., etc., are all cordially invited to join in the movement, but Episcopalians are ostracized. Well, to say the least, it is one of the most sublimely impudent notices we have ever been called upon to print. We do not believe that there is a single individual among the large circle of readers to whom the notice is addressed who will not easily detect the bigoted spirit which has prompted it. Is there anything more miserably unchristianlike than the exclusion of a particular denomination from a proposed religious society? Could there be anything more stupid than a belief that such a project would prove successful? It is a slur on those who now are laboring in behalf of the spiritual interests of the deaf and dumb, and it is a most ungenerous act toward Dr. Gallaudet, who works unremittently in his chosen work, both in New York and elsewhere.

Mr. Thomson has done well to call attention to the achievements of the Gallaudets, and every honor-loving deaf-mute should resent the merest indignity that may be directed towards any one who bears the name. The father founded the first deaf-mute school in America, one of his sons founded the first church for deaf-mutes, while another started the first deaf-mute college. "Three strides, three footprints in the sand!" Aye, footprints so indelibly impressed that succeeding ages will reverence and honor the name of Gallaudet.

We decline to publish the contents of a letter sent us by C. W. Butt, of Montreal, in which the Principal of the Mackay Institution is assailed in an uncalculated and malicious manner.

Deaf-mutes who want to throw mud, will have to find some other vehicle to assist them, the JOURNAL assuredly will have no hand in such dirty work.

If Mr. Butt really can prove the charges he makes, the trustees of the Mackay Institution will be obliged to take action upon them. If he wishes to help the deaf-mutes of Montreal, or any other place, the right way to do so is directly opposed to the plan

of publishing their real or imaginary misdemeanors.

Mr. Butt, in a letter to the Montreal Post stated that he was a rival of Mr. Thomas Widd. We do not know on what score he lays claim to such relationship. Mr. Widd's work in behalf of deaf-mutes is a recommendation which no one can ignore, and it would be an injustice to him to give publication to a letter which has every appearance of being the outcome of jealous feeling engendered by imaginary rivalry.

Wm. J. Totten, whose wife died in a charity hospital in New Orleans, has written a letter to the JOURNAL in which he advises his daughter to go to her uncle, who owns a farm on which he lives, in Dent, Hamilton Co., O. Mr. Totten is now living in Bisbee, Cochise Co., Arizona Territory, and is in rather straitened circumstances. His letter is quite lengthy, and explains the reason for leaving his wife.

Notice to Mutes of Boston and Vicinity.

The next annual picnic of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society will take place on the 20th of July, Wednesday at the delightful seaside resort, "Donner's Landing." The great variety of amusements to be found there, as well as the cool sea breeze, and the shade it affords, combine to render "Donner's Landing" the very best place we could have chosen for our picnic. This place was chosen by an unanimous vote of the Society. Come all who desire to meet in a social gathering like this. The price of tickets is sixty (60) cents for the whole trip, including admission to the Gardens. Clam bakes to be had at the Landing. Otherwise, parties will bring their own lunch. In case of rainy weather, the picnic will be held the next day. Tickets to be had from the Committee.

Geo. A. Holmes and "Another."

Com. of Arrangements.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

An account of the Pittsburg, Pa., picnic will appear in our next.

Mr. Vail's daughter, Helen, of Indianapolis, Ind., has pulled through with Scarlet fever. Her sister, Lizzie, is at present down with it.

Mr. Frank Chaney, of Denver, Col., has just completed a very pretty cottage, and he and his family expect to occupy the house before long.

Mr. John C. Simmons, of Colorado Springs, Col., went to Denver to get a job, and he did. Madam Rumer says he is to be married very soon.

Samuel Wilkinson, of Fall River, Mass., was in New York City last week. He visited Coney Island and the JOURNAL office before he returned home.

Albert C. Hargrave has just arrived at Bluehill, Me. He traveled from Bucksport in a phaeton, where he had been visiting friends for five days.

J. H. Harvey is running a shoe shop in Des Moines, Ia. His wife's sister and brother came from Albia, Ia., to see him, on July 4th. They, with four friends, had a splendid time on that day.

A certain "Man of medicine" out at Indianapolis, Ind., became so exceedingly maddened on "Stella Coo's" valentines, that he straightway forked over a five dollar gold piece. So much for poetical genius, don't you see?

At St. James' Church, Albion, Mich., July 8th, Bishop Gillespie confirmed a class of six deaf-mutes. Rev. Mr. Mann baptized two, and interpreted the different services, and addressed the candidates for the bishop.

On Sunday afternoon, June 26th, at the service for deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, New York City, Charles Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Kipp, and on Sunday afternoon, July 3rd, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Fannie Marsh, Eugene Adam, Washington Dulce and Kate Bowditch, children of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Acheson, were baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The JOURNAL printers took an excursion to Fort Lee, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, July 9th. On the return trip, G. S. Porter and A. Capelli swam the entire distance—over a mile and a half. Willie Durian, the "devil," threw up the sponge when half the distance had been accomplished, and was taken in the boat, which was being rowed back by "Mike" Croken and "Jim" Donnelly. Capelli says he would like to hear from S. S. Sinclair, the ex-champion swimmer of Fanwood.

Prof. Jno. B. Hotchkiss, of the Deaf and Dumb University of Washington, D. C., accompanied by Arthur D. Bryant, Frank M. Boteler, Perry K. Solger and William B. King, passed through town Thursday for Crabtree, where they will remain a few days recreating and talking in the delightful scenery of that beautiful region. The party visited the Round mountain before coming here. They are a body of fine looking and healthy young men, and are equipped in a becoming manner for mountain sport. We noticed some were the old fashioned knee breeches. Mr. Bryant is an artist, and will take sketches along the route.—Bakersville (N. C.) Mountain Voice.

The Montreal, P. Q., Post, in an editorial comment on the closing exercises of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Mile End, says: "This report, which we publish in another column, of the examination held in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Mile End will be read with pleasure by those who take an interest in that afflicted part of the community. It is something new to find that an institution of such a nature can accomplish such marvellous results in such a short time, that it is almost impossible to believe without seeing; yet the facts as stated are strictly true. We congratulate Father Bolanger and his zealous and intelligent assistants on the result, and believe that love as well as labor can conquer all difficulties."

We gave the report referred to in last week's JOURNAL.—Ed.]

Mr. John O. David delivered an address to the mutes in Boston last Sunday.

Miss E. Lockwood's new address is Lockwood, Fairfield Co., Ct.

Fred Adams, of Gardner, Mass., is with his father and is pretty well.

There is a deaf-mute stone cutter working on the new Capitol, at Albany, N. Y. His name is unknown.

Mr. Edwin W. Friebae will make a visit to Mr. A. F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., some time this summer.

Harry White will spend the greater part of the summer at Beverly, and his friends must address their letters to him there.

George Homer, of Boston, and his friends donated the sum of ten dollars and several good articles to the Fair of the Beverly School.

Mr. Flynn, a graduate of the Buffalo Institution, is working on the Albany Daily Press and Knickerbocker. He gets \$3 per week.

Mr. C. W. Stowell, of Buffalo, N. Y., will get a job in a large shoe factory this month. His old clothes wish him success.

Mr. Eugene H. Singer thinks of going to Catskill, N. Y., where he will work on a farm. May success attend him.

Miss E. Lockwood, of Stamford, Ct., passed the 4th of July in pleasantly with her friend, Mrs. B. D. Beers, in Bridgeport.

Mr. James F. Freilick, who works for the largest chair firm at Gardner, Mass., goes to his home, in Providence, for a few weeks' vacation.

Mr. W. C. Childs a graduate of the New York School, has just obtained a good situation in a large shoe factory in Albany. We wish him success.

Messrs. A. L. Thomas, of Catskill, N. Y., W. Ennis, E. Singer and Joe Lawlor spent the 4th of July in witnessing the Albany Boat Club Regatta.

Mr. J. Muth, of Thomaston, Ct., spent July 4th at Mrs. H. D. Boer's, and met Miss Lockwood. They had a nice time talking about their school days.

Mrs. R. D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Ct., content plates going to South Weymouth, Mass., with her little son, to stay two months with her parents and brother, Ira H. Derby.

Aiden F. Osgood, of Natick, spent a day at the Beverly School during the Fair. He presented the School with two good books. He enjoyed a bath in the Cove.

Harry Davone, a deaf-mute, worked in the frame factory in Farmingdale, L. I., which was destroyed by fire recently. He is now at work on the ruins of the burnt building.

Mr. A. L. Thomas, a pupil of the New York Institution, is a stockholder of the Catskill Telephone & Telegraph Co., which his father owns. He bought a share of it for one hundred dollars.

Haying is now in order at the Beverly School, and Supt. Swett says there has not been a larger crop for years. His time is fully occupied with haying and attending to the products of the large farm.

Mr. Joe Lawlor, of Albany, N. Y., is thinking of returning to the New York Institution in the fall, to complete his term. He has been working in a shoe factory as a leather cutter since he left school, three years ago.

Mr. Sherwood, a graduate of the New York Institution, is a cigar maker by occupation. He says he gets \$12 per week. He is thinking of marrying. Wonder who will be the lucky female.

Messrs. W. Ennis, Lawlor and Childs went over to Troy, N. Y., where they spent a few hours in visiting the Albany & Rensselaer Iron and Steel Works, which are the third in size in the country.

Randall Douglas, who has spent a month or so in Massachusetts, has returned to Washington, D. C., to attend to some good business of photography. He may re-establish himself there, and if so, "she" goes too.

Charles Lurvey cut the figures of a boat and an oarsman out of wood and put the whole in plaster of Paris to represent the water. He labelled the oarsman "Hannan." It excited a good deal of admiration at the Beverly Fair.

Mr. William Ennis is visiting Mr. A. L. Thomas, of Catskill, N. Y., this week, on important business for the Hudson River Literary Association. Mr. Thomas has been working in the post office since his return to Catskill from school.

The Ladies' Committee of the Beverly School Fair, desire to return thanks to all deaf-mutes who have assisted them by donations or otherwise. They wish particularly to convey their thanks to one lady in the far off Ohio, who sent a handsome article to the Fair.

Mr. Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., writes: "The effects of the late vice-president, Henry Wilson, were sold at auction in town last week, and realized over \$400. I bought a nice pen and holder at a high price. It has been used by him in Washington, D. C. for a great while, and he left it on his table when he died. This item is written with this pen."

Samuel Hamilton and Miss Whippin, of Marblehead, Mass., did a great deal of service during the Beverly School Fair, working hard for its success. Their generosity is very commendable. Mr. Hamilton gave up four entire days to the Fair, and Miss Whippin made several articles and otherwise helped the Fair.

Mrs. Ella Reidel, of Farmingdale, L. I., writes that the frame factory in which her husband had been working was burned. The loss was \$20,000. He has obtained work at farming until a new brick factory is built. Mrs. Reidel will be glad to have friends visit her, as she has plenty of room, and likes company.

Lizzie A. Stevens, of Gardner, Mass., has been quite sick with a cold since May, and has got very tired of its long run. She feels that her cough has made a wreck of her back, and fears rheumatism has set in. She doesn't expect to work for some time yet, because it was hard work that brought her down.

Last Saturday, on the 9th inst., Messrs. Harry White and Geo. A. Holmes made a very pleasant visit to Mr. A. F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass. In the forenoon Mr. Osgood showed them many places of interest in town. In the afternoon he took them in his carriage to Ridge Hill Farms, in Wellsbury. They seemed to be much interested in everything in the gardens. After leaving there he gave them a long and cool ride around the country, which interested them very much. In the evening, they returned home greatly pleased with their visit. Mr. Osgood hopes they will make him another visit this fall. He says he esteems them as very fine and intelligent gentlemen.

R. B. Reasner attended the picnic at Put-in-Bay.

"Little Hands" wishes to know where "R. S." is rambling.

Mr. Alfred Kerney will stay in the Mississippi Institution all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lobrano left New Orleans, La., last Friday, and are now in Oxford, Miss.

Mrs. W. G. Pownall would like to know Miss Nellie O'Gara's address through the JOURNAL.

If speech is silver, and silence gold, how much is a deaf and dumb man worth?—Gibson Monitor.

Mr. L. W. Saunders and family will start for Virginia next week, and will visit his wife's parents.

Will Mrs. Miles, of Indianapolis, Ind., send her address or write to Mrs. Cyrus Boren, Milton, Ind.

Mrs. William T. Collins and her daughter, of Troy, N. Y., is summing in Passaic, N. J., with Miss Clara Post.

Mrs. Harrison Durl would like to correspond with Mr. Frank Keller, near Miss Ella Sprague. Her address is Hoboken, Troy, N. Y.

Our young friend, Robert Harlett, of Vicksburg, Miss., was in Jackson, Miss., this week, attending the closing exercises of the School.

A deaf-mute named William Murphy, was drowned in the Delaware River at Beverly, N. J., on Thursday night.—New York Herald, July 9.

It was said that Mr. J. L. Lobrano and wife, of New Orleans, passed through Jackson, Miss., to Oxford, Miss., on a visit to Mrs. Lobrano, some time ago.

On Thursday evening, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain started for Sioux City, Ia., having heard by telegraph that his elder brother had probably received fatal injuries in a cyclone.

Miss Julia Atkins, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., has fully recovered from a month's illness, and she can walk around her home. She is anxious to go to the Troy Deaf-Mute Picnic.

Miss Bella Lowe left Indianapolis, Ind., last week in company with Charles Kearney and Matt Lyon, for an extended visit in Evansville, Ind. Her address is 515 Eagle St.

Prof. J. R. Doherty, of the Mississippi Institution, went to New Orleans on business on July 1st. He visited Mr. Kearny's mother and sisters, and he had a nice time there. He returned two days afterward.

Mr. Mandra. Edward Ensign, former pupil of the New York Institution, are living in Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. Ensign was formerly Miss Mary J. Foster, of Elmira, N. Y., and they have one child, a bright little girl. Mr. Ensign is a cigar-maker by trade.

Jacob Bosson, a pupil of the Central New York Institution and a resident of Binghamton, N. Y., has joined the B. B. C. of that city, called the "Flyaway." They played with the "Stars," of Susquehanna, the 4th of July, and the "Flyaways" were defeated.

James Clark, a member of the graduating class of '81, of the New York Institution, has arrived at his home in Peterboro, N. J., safe. In a recent letter to a friend, he says that he is in high spirits and expects to get work soon. We wish you success, James.

Martin Krendosky, who works in a hardware store in Buffalo, N. Y., says his boss wants him to work on Sunday. We do not know all the circumstances, but think it is unjust. Nevertheless, we advise Martin to stick to his place at least until he gets another job.

Prof. J. R. Doherty, Superintendent of the Mississippi Institution, left for New Orleans, La., with several mute pupils, last Friday night. He returned the next day. During vacation, he expects to travel through several counties of the State looking for new pupils.

Master Guy Hosland, aged twelve years, son of Mr. John Hosland, has been at the Mute Asylum for some months, and is now spending a vacation at home. Guy is a remarkably bright boy, and in the few months he was at school advanced rapidly. He now writes a nice hand.—Madison (Ind.) Daily Courier.

There was a gathering of twenty-one deaf-mutes from Providence and Pawtucket, at a picnic near the residence of Mrs. Whipple Follet, North Smithfield, yesterday. The twisting of fingers, coupled with happy faces, was a grand sight. There was a very nice spread at a long table, brought by each mute from their homes. They were full of life and all very happy. Various games were indulged in and a joyous time kept up until 1 o'clock when all departed for their respective homes.—Woonsocket (R. I.) Evening Reporter.

John C. T. Wheeler, one of Indiana's present graduates, is now engaged in the store of T. H. Wheeler, dealer in dry-goods and sewing-machines, at Indianapolis. Guy is a remarkably bright boy, and in the few months he was at school advanced rapidly. He now writes a nice hand.—Madison (Ind.) Daily Courier.

NAPANEE, ONT.—William Johnson, a deaf-mute, a son of Mrs. Johnson, Bridge street, and a compositor in the Standard office, died very suddenly on Sunday, July 3d, at 9:15 a. m. The previous evening he was apparently in his usual health, and was riding a bicycle until dark, and returned at 11 p. m. He then retired, after taking a dose of ten grains of Dover's powder, a large part of which was left in the glass. At three o'clock next morning he awakened his sister, and complained of fullness of the veins of the neck and oppression of the throat, but fell asleep again. At eight a. m., when his sister went to wake him, she found him unconscious, his face, neck and chest greatly congested. Dr. Brown was summoned at once, but nothing could be done for him, and he died in about 15 minutes.

A remarkable contest occurred between a child, fox, dog and rooster in North Smithfield, just over the Woonsocket line, yesterday afternoon. At the residence of Mrs. Whipple Follet a marauding fox had seized a chancier, and was engaged in a desperate struggle, when Daniel a young son of the lady, fired at Reynard who escaped to a neighboring wood. Fido, a faithful canine, took the scent and followed. The dog not returning, Edith, a bright and brave little daughter of Miss Follet, went in search of and found Fido a prisoner, Reynard holding him fast by a death-like grip on his lip. The girl pounded the fox so with her fist that he released his hold, and turning on her, biting her hand severely. Fido, however, came to the rescue, seized the fox and made short work of the contest, while little Edith dragged the dead Reynard to her home, chancier hailing her arrival with a victorious salute and Fido prancing and barking in high glee over the result of this strange contest.—Woonsocket (R. I.) Evening Reporter.

On July 2d, the deaf-mutes of Worcester had a general sad feeling for President Garfield.

Charles E. Knight, of Worcester, Mass., enjoyed the Fourth of July with his lady.

Miss Maggie Reekie has obtained a vacation till September. We hope she will enjoy it.

On Sunday, July 10th, Miss Chaffin, of Holden, was at the meeting of the Worcester Young Men's Christian Association.

Francis Duprez, who worked in Fall River, Mass., for some time, went to Canada last week, without settling his many bills.

On the Fourth of July, the Secretary of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Society and wife, with some other deaf-mutes, went to the Lake where they spent the day.

Mrs. Whipple Follet will hold a service in Friendship Street Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., July 17th. If stormy, the next Sunday. She will be pleased to see all the mutes.

On July 2d, Miss Kate Miller, of Stamford, Ct., made a very pleasant visit to some of the deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass. She came from Clinton, Mass., where she made a pleasant call on Misses Maggie and Nellie Reekie.

Mr. Henry Happon, a deaf-mute of Burlington, Vt., was in Jamestown, N. Y., last week. He stopped there for three days, and met Mr. A. V. Bergquist, the famous deaf-mute tailor. Happon has gone to Indiana.

Preparations have already been made for the Annual Levee of the Boston, Mass., Society, to be held in January. Several new attractions have been engaged, and it is proposed to make the next Levee surpass all others in point of interest. It is to be under the joint management of Geo. A. Holmes and Harry White.

Prof. Atwood, as an evidence of his interest in the school which he left, sent the sum of twelve dollars to the Beverly School Fund, a month or two ago. He wishes the school success, though circumstances beyond his control compelled him to resign the principalship. We regret to hear of his wife's delicate health.

Geo. A. Holmes is thinking of holding a fair for the benefit of the Boston, Mass., Society in January, and has begun to issue circulars for this purpose. The genial George is never happy unless he is planning something or other for the Society, of which he is the head. This fair is to be under the management of Messrs. Holmes, Tillighast and Lynde.

John F. Donnelly, a compositor on the Woonsocket, R. I., Evening Reporter was in New York this week. He visited his Alma Mater, the New York Institution, and took in the picnic of the M. L. A., where he had a good time with old friends and schoolmates. He learned his trade as compositor in the New York Institution printing office, and since he graduated, has done it much credit.

A meeting of the Trustees of the New England Industrial School for Deaf Mutes, will be held on the Fourth of July next, at seven o'clock, p. m., at the residence of Hon. John I. Baker. Among those expected to be present are Messrs. Boyden and Roundy of this town, Rev. Geo. J. Sanger, of Danvers, Thomas Appleton of Marblehead, Rev. Julius H. Ward of Boston and lastly Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York.

Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., is respected by high and low in his town, for his pleasant disposition and high moral character, to judge by the universal estimation in which he is held. He has a steady situation in his shop, having kept it for over 25 years, enjoying the confidence of his employers. And what may be interesting to single ladies, he keeps elegant bachelors apartments in a very pretty place in Natick. He has enough of this world's goods to support a wife comfortably, and the wonder is that he does not take one. He has in his possession a valuable relic of Wilson, the dead statesman, in the shape of a pen-holder.

The report of the Beverly, Mass., School will shortly be out. It will contain a report from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and the rest of the Trustees, and a lengthy report from the Superintendent, Wm. B. Swett, in which he gives an interesting history of the rise and progress of the School, from its beginning up to the present time. To those who are interested in the school, it will repay perusal. It will be interesting for more reasons than one. In his report, Mr. Swett has adhered strictly to facts, and written in a spirit of frankness and candor. For reasons easily understood, the number of copies is limited to five hundred, and not every one who applies can obtain a copy. A report of the Educational Department will be given by Mr. Harry White, describing the method of instruction and the progress the pupils have made.

An exhibition was given before the New Hampshire Legislature by some of the pupils of the American Asylum, on July 7th. The Concord Monitor gives the following account of it:—"According to the vote of the House, at 11 o'clock to-day, the Representatives' Hall was granted for an exhibition of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, Conn. Prof. Job Williams, Principal of the Institution, Mr. R. S. Storrs, a teacher, with Maggie Nolan, from the Orphans' Home, Concord; Archie Eaton, of East Wear, and Flora Noyes, of Franklin Falls, were present, and gave an interesting exhibition of the proficiency of the children and the effectiveness of the teaching of the deaf and dumb as practiced in the Institution. Many spectators were present, and the audience seemed to greatly enjoy the exhibition, frequently applauding the exercises, which were very remarkable and wonderful, especially the exercises in the writing of sketches and in history. Descriptions of the attempt upon President Garfield's life by Noyes Sisters—one in sign-language and one written upon the blackboard—were very affecting, and evoked hearty demonstrations of approval, as did likewise the rendition of a hymn and the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language, which were rendered in a manner that could not fail to make them understood by all. Prof. Williams explained briefly the origin, methods, and wants of the institution."

A Deaf-Mute Garrotted.
While Ludwig Young, a deaf and dumb man, residing at No. 203 East Eleventh street, was walking along Third avenue on his way home at an early hour this morning, he was suddenly attacked at the corner of Eleventh street by two garroters. One of them threw his arms around his neck and held him back, while his companion began rifling his pockets. Just at that moment Policeman Henry Benkers, of the Fifth station, arrived, and took in the situation. He sprang at the robbers, who were Young, and chased them through Tenth street to Second avenue, where he captured one of them, after a desperate resistance. The watch was found in his possession. At the Essex Market Court-to-day Justice Smith held the prisoner, who described himself as William Gifford, twenty-eight years of age, for trial in the General Sessions in \$1,000 bail.—New York Evening Telegram, July 11.

THE PICNIC

Manhattan's Gala Day.

DELIGHTFUL SAIL TO EAGLEWOOD PARK

THE MOST ORDERLY AND ENJOYABLE EXCURSION YET.

Just too glorious for anything! Who was the belle? Who the best dancer? We give it up. No disturbances except that made by the elements. Next time, "Lester," when you go in for a hugging match look out for your hat. Its in Davy Jones locker by this time.

A number of "old grads" talked over old times in a cozy corner of the barge. Miss Montgomery's Class, of Fanwood was represented by little Misses Craig, Hollister, Crolus, Kelly and Hasty.

There was a pretty display of pretty little handkerchiefs as the boat rounded the oil-works on the Jersey shore.

The two O'Briens were on hand, as were the two J. F. D.'s. Things got rather mixed.

High hats were all the go on the occasion.

Boston's "Beau Ideal," Mr. Harry Davis, was on hand.

Uncle Billy Fitzgerald made things lively among the pretty young ladies, and the old ones, too.

The smiling countenance of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was one of the most pleasing features of the day. On the arrival of the boat at Eagleswood he bade the excursionists adieu, and took the cars for Ashbury Park, N. J., where his family is stopping.

A number of frisky young fellows, bound on having fun, wrote their names on a slip of paper and put it in a bottle. The bottle has gone to sea, and a lost ship will soon be reported, we surmise.

Mr. Pettit, one of the picnicers, won the admiration of the women and children by killing a milk snake.

A shower from the S. E. began at half-past five and caused a flutter of excitement among the ladies. It was but a shower, and the fun went on without interruption.

Among the numerous young ladies present, was Miss Jennie Van Tassel, formerly a teacher in the Rome, N. Y., Institution, and at present holding a similar position at the Iowa Institution. Miss Van Tassel enjoys an enviable reputation as a teacher of lip reading.

New England was represented by quite a number of mutes. We noticed among others, Mr. L. G. Leek and wife, of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. W. H. Averill, of Bradford, Conn.; Mr. Thomas M. Kane, of Hartford; Mr. Louis Reiger, New Haven. Miss Miss Matilda Axt, New Haven; Mr. J. W. Pratt, of Middletown, and Mr. Isaac P. Beach, of Bradford. Most of them are graduates of "Old Hartford," and appeared to enjoy heartily into the pleasures of the day.

An enterprising young fellow reaped a harvest in selling alphabet and sign pamphlets, imported from Glasgow, Scotland.

The financial results of the Excursion turned out as follows: Receipts from all sources, \$185.00; Expenses, \$133.25. Net profit \$51.75. It is believed that the receipts will be much more than the above figures which were furnished in the hurry of the moment.

A financial success at any rate. "Lester Montrose," "Hen Quill," "Americans," "J. F. D., of Woonsocket, R. I., and several others were on hand and helped to make things lively.

Mr. Moses Smith and wife, of Saratoga, N. Y., were on hand. Mr. Smith regretted the absence of his old classmate, Mr. Wells, who is a teacher in the south, whom he had expected to meet.

No fault could be found with the barge—the "Wm. Myers," which is the best to be had. It was gaily decorated with flags, and every thing was as bright as a new pin.

The ever jovial Mr. Haight, who always attends the excursion of the Association, had his money's worth. He danced a jig, sang a song, and had altogether a jolly time. His son

Joe Goldman, of Middletown, O., was on hand. He had a bathing suit in a grip sack, but did not use it. The "Floor Manager," William Temple, being unable to attend, his place was taken by Mr. A. Stein, who filled the position to the satisfaction of all. William was sadly missed. Mr. Stein was assisted by Messrs. Cornelius, Hoffman and Fanning.

The Committee of Arrangements, Mr. John Wilkinson, Chairman, assisted by Messrs. Stein, Ekardt, Busch, Campbell, Schloss and Reynolds, are to be thanked for

Correspondence.
[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

CLEVELAND

The Grand Excursion to Put-in-Bay.

HOW IT WAS APPRECIATED BY THE MUTES OF MICHIGAN.

Personal Items.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The glorious Fourth was a very beautiful day; the sun shone brightly; faces were cheerful and smiling; plenty of money in the excursionists' pockets that could be spared to spend for anything worth seeing.

It was Monday, July 4th, at three o'clock A.M., when the excursionists arrived at the depot and waited for the train. There was only a slim attendance gathered here—eight in all—on account of a misunderstanding. As soon as the train arrived at the depot, they dropped in the car, and, in company with your correspondent, secured first class seats. Onward the train flew, the happy party inside talking, teasing, sleeping, writing, reading, thinking, sight-seeing, etc., until the first stopping place,

SANDUSKY. We here disembarked and took cabs for the steamboat landing, where we expected to take a boat that left at 7 o'clock sharp. When we reached the landing we were told, much to our disgust, that no boat left till 10 A.M. We were very much disappointed as we wished to reach Put-in-Bay by 10 o'clock. We went to a hotel, and after having breakfast, we spent the remainder of the three hours we had to wait in sight-seeing. We had a magnificent lake view. In due time we saw a steamer coming to the landing place. We purchased excursion tickets, and boarded the vessel, and all secured good seats. There was a large crowd on board. During the trip we were surprised to meet Mr. and Mrs. Conger and Mr. Stebleton, an ex-student of the college, of Greenville, O., who were bound to the same place and on the same errand as ourselves. We were exceedingly glad to see them. They are intelligent people of our class. We also met Mr. Dennis Hannan, an ex-graduate of the high class of the Buckeye State school, whose residence is on the peninsula three miles from Sandusky. He is a printer, and worked on the *Daily Register*, a morning paper, for four months, but gave up his case on account of poor health, and secured another and better job—that of a cooper. He works in company with Mr. Davis, a mute and a married man, and he makes a lot of money. Mr. Hannan went with us to Put-in-Bay, and as he had been there before he showed us around. We arrived there at noon. We had a nice time viewing the islands in the lake. The lake is a magnificent sight to behold. Upon landing we inquired for the Detroit boat, but found it had not arrived. The Toledo boat had just arrived, and a great deal of hand-shaking ensued. The sail had given us a good appetites, and we hurried to a restaurant, where we took dinner. We then went down to the landing, and the Detroit boat soon came in. We kept mum and did not talk in the sign-language, least they would know us. We laughed when they asked one another if "the Cleveland folks had yet come?" After talking for some time, we informed them who we were. They were glad to see us, and they introduced the strangers to us.

The captain of our boat, the Jay Cooke, told us that the boat returned in an hour. The Detroit folks were disgusted as their boat also returned in an hour. There were about eighty Detroitans, and all were intelligent and talkative people. After the introducing and hand-shaking were over, the excursionists scattered to view the lake, the cave, the park, etc. Some of the Detroit and Cleveland folks had intended to remain all night and take the boat the next morning, but so few concluded to do this that it was given up.

Among those present your scribe noticed Rev. Mr. Mann, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Miss Smith; Messrs. Kerr, Thayer, Kolhoff, Johnson, of Illinois, Martin, Bohan and others, of Detroit; Prof. Simpson, of the St. Louis Day School; Prof. D. W. George and wife, of Chicago; Miss Chapin, of the St. Louis Day School; who had come from Huron, O., where her sisters, consins and uncles, reside. Miss Doyle, of St. Louis, and others, whose names, owing to the shortness of the time, your correspondent was unable to obtain.

The Detroit people have a fair education and nearly all have permanent positions. They were well and finely clothed, and accompanied by their wives or ladies.

Detroit had the largest number of mutes present; Cleveland, second; Chicago, third.

There were no "drunks," no dead-

beats or tramp-looking people present. No one was urged to "take a drink," just for fun. Temperance is generally preferred by our class.

Only one accident occurred. W. D. Edwards, while going to a hotel, did not notice a wagon that was coming, and the driver did not see him. The lady who was with him pulled him away, and he was only hurt about the leg, but is thankful for having escaped with his life.

At two o'clock, as the Detroit boat, Alaska, which is a nice, rapid-running, side-wheel boat, the trip from Put-in-Bay to Detroit, a distance of 60 miles, being accomplished in 5 hours, was to leave we bade our neighbors farewell, and hand-shaking was again indulged in. The Detroit boys expressed their regret at having seen us for so short a time, and an effort will be made by the Committee to give Cleveland mutes a turn.

We will try to secure a good place for the excursionists next season—Geneva Lake being the place of resort for us.

Rev. Mr. Mann thought that Detroit ought to be excused by the Cleveland mutes and others, as Detroit is a gay city, and has parks, forests, places of amusement, etc. But as the Convention will be held in Columbus next year we think it impossible.

After the others had left we went on board the Jay Cooke, which soon started for Sandusky, a distance of 22½ miles, arriving there at 5 o'clock.

We went to the Western House, till train time. We boarded the train at 8:30 and arrived in Cleveland at 11 P.M. During the trip Mrs. Jas. Gilmore was taken sick. She was put to sleep and kept quiet and upon arriving in Cleveland was much better.

Satisfied as to how we had spent the day, we think the affair, notwithstanding the lack of time, was a grand success, and hope we will have a similar one next year.

PERSONAL.
Rev. Mr. Mann delivered a very interesting sermon in Detroit on the 3d inst. There was a large attendance.

Mr. Morton, Secretary of the Committee on Arrangements, and a printer working on the *Detroit Tribune and Post*, was not at Put-in-Bay. The reason assigned for his non-appearance was that he could not find a substitute. Much regret was manifested on account of his absence.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff, accompanied by a lady, was in attendance at the excursion. He is a merchant tailor of Detroit, and very gentlemanly in manners, and he appears to be in comfortable circumstances.

Miss Chapin, ex-graduate of the Illinois Institution, and teacher of the St. Louis Day School, was among the participants. She looks as if she likes her new occupation very much. In an interview with your scribe, she said she expected to leave for St. Louis the last of the month. She is a semi-mute. Her uncle is a judge in Sandusky and lives in Port Huron, O.

Intense excitement was created among our class as to who the author of the Cleveland items, in the *JOURNAL's* last week's issue, was. The problem of "Truth" was hardly solved. Some one was accused of being the author. "Truth" was one of those who participated in the party that was given to Mr. and Mrs. Christian Meyer.

An error was made by "Truth" in naming "John" Meyer instead of sending the right name of Christian. It is to be hoped that in this issue the name will be correct.

There is some talk of organizing a society for mutes, known, perhaps, as the "Templars of Silence." If the work of organizing the society is pushed forward, it is our belief that the society will be a grand success. Yet, some of the boys who complain of high rent for securing a room by the month, think it an unsuccessful thing.

Mrs. Annie Thompson, a semi-mute lady of intelligence, and formerly a pupil of the Ohio Institution, has a deaf-mute sister and brother. The latter lady is a slipper finisher and makes a good living.

Miss Mary E. McNealy, formerly of the Ohio Institution, is a dressmaker. She is very skillful in this line.

Miss Jennie V. Hubbard, of Corry, Pa., is visiting her cousin here, and expects to stay all summer.

Miss Cynthia Thompson, of Peninsula, Ohio, sister of the teacher at the Asylum, came over to enjoy herself at the party. She is a lady of culture and has gray hair. She is highly respected by all who know her.

Miss Alice Reading, educated in Michigan and Ohio, and living in Collin's Wood, seven miles east of the city, is a lively little girl of average judgment. She has a mute brother who works on a farm.

The following was clipped from the *Maysville (Ohio) Tribune*:
"Miss Emma Weller, of New Dover, accompanied by Mrs. A. B. Carter, of Marysville, attended the regular annual Commencement of the Deaf and Dumb on Tuesday, June 14th. There were ten graduates, a sister of Mrs. Weller being one of the number."

Edward Carroll (ex-student) is an excellent job compositor at the Evangelical Association Building, and has served faithfully there. He gets good wages.

Three mute gentlemen came to Cleveland to accompany Mr. Carroll and others to Put-in-Bay.

Again, again, over and over, so and so, so on and so on!!! Take our advice, readers. Don't walk on the

railroad track, or your life may be lost. Another accident has just been announced. A woman named Sanchez was killed at Milton Station. She was deaf and did not hear the train. Beware of the dangerous track. The best plan to save our life is to walk in the mud rather than on the dry track.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. D. W. George, nee Miss Carrie Hathaway, of Chicago. She was an old classmate, and is a lady of high culture. She can read the lips very well. Her husband is also a semi-mute, and they converse together with the lips while others don't know what they are saying. They leave for Chicago soon.

The mutes hereabouts are loud in their expressions of regret for the shooting of Garfield.

Mr. Kerr, the mute artist of Detroit, was introduced to the writer. He is gentlemanly in appearance, and converses intelligently.

W. D. Edwards was at Put-in-Bay. He obtained a substitute.

Denny Haman went to Greenville to spend a week's vacation. He has rheumatism in the legs, which trouble him considerably. He cannot walk very well. He says he thinks it was caused by rowing in a leaky boat. He has been treated by several local doctors, but without avail; and is soon going to try a celebrated physician of Norwalk, O. He is a young man of average intelligence.

There was a man at the Picnic by the name of Johnson, educated at Jacksonville, Ill., and who hailed from Canada. He is a painter by occupation, owning a shop in Detroit. He survives two wives, the first a mute, and the second a speaking lady. He is now a widower, and has considerable property to live on. W. D. Edwards met him with great astonishment, and shook hands with him. He knew him well, once being classmates. Mr. Johnson is a tall man, being somewhere near five feet ten inches.

New York was not represented at the excursion. The following States were represented: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri and Canada.
It is estimated that there were over 100 mutes, ladies and gentlemen, in attendance.
Thomas McGrinness, formerly a resident of Cleveland, O., is a rolling-mill hand. He came over in company with Alonzo Kingry, a granger, to go to Put-in-Bay, but the latter did not go. The former enjoyed himself greatly, and went home a happy looking man. He has worked faithfully in a rolling mill in Columbus for three years. Other mutes should follow his industrious example.

Miss Alice Reading and brother were not at Put-in-Bay, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of somebody.

Among those on board the Detroit and Cleveland boat whom your correspondent noticed, was Miss Smith, sister-in-law of Rev. Mr. Mann, who went to Detroit at 9 o'clock P.M. Saturday night. She expects to be home in a week or two.

Miss Mary McNealy, of No. 10 Gordon Avenue, Cleveland, O., is a dressmaker. She makes lots of money. Her father is troubled with dropsy which began six years ago.

NOTES.
There were no drunks on the boats. The Committee of Arrangements deserve much credit for their skillful management.

No service was held by Rev. Mr. Mann at Put-in-Bay.
According to your scribe's interviews, the *JOURNAL* is considered by the mutes to be the best deaf-mute paper in the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.
When we came home we were disgusted to see the Canada soldier flies fall on the pavements which were killed by the electric light (patented by Edison, husband of a mute lady). The sight nearly made us vomit.

The *JOURNAL* will be represented by the scribe, who will try to do the best he can to support the paper he is interested in.

There was no celebration observed in Cleveland, owing to the proclamation of the Mayor giving up the celebration on the glorious Fourth on the Viaduct, the famous bridge in Cleveland, where people often go to seek pleasure.

Sad news came to us from Washington, D. C., concerning Garfield's condition. We think the President will soon be all right, yet the news just received says he was in a critical condition, and no hopes of his recovery are apprehended.

Detroit folks: Cleveland to Detroit—Good afternoon; we wish you a safe journey. D. to C.: The same to you, and don't you forget it.

It is believed that the efforts on our part to get the Detroit friends to come over and picnic with us, would be a grand success, should they not attend the Convention next year.

TYPE SLINGER.

CINCINNATI.

PICKINGS HERE AND THERE.

The picnic at the Highland House last Thursday was tolerably well attended. About sixty mutes were there, and good order was maintained throughout. Among the mutes from abroad, I noticed S. M. Freeman, of Georgia; Mr. George Schoolfield, of Kentucky; Mr. Mann and wife, of Dayton, O.; Miss Swem, of Amelia, O., and a few others whose names have escaped my memory.

The Fourth passed off quietly, and the attempted assassination of President Garfield made many hearts sad.

F. J. Woliston, of Springfield, O., well known to the readers of the *JOURNAL* under the nom de plume of "We, Us & Co.," and his friend, Charles H. Rice, proprietor of the South Charleston (O.) *Republican*, spent several days in Porkopolis. "We, Us & Co." looks so well and nobby with that big plug hat on. He and Mr. Rice went home Monday afternoon. Come often and we will always be glad to see you.

Dr. R. G. Buckingham, President of the Board of Trustees of the Colorado Deaf-Mute Institution, and Mrs. Kennedy, Matron of the same institution, were in the city this week, after visiting Indianapolis, Columbus and other Institutions, on business connected with their School. They left for home yesterday via St. Louis.

Mr. S. M. Freeman, of the Georgia Institution, arrived in this city last Thursday, and expects to spend the summer with his parents at Camp Washington, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati.

Mr. John H. Yeager, of Danville, Ky., was in the city last Friday, en route to Banklick Station, Ky., where he will spend the summer with his wife during the early part of his vacation.

Mr. R. P. McGregor expects to expect to leave for Lake Erie this week, where he will sojourn for several weeks with his favorite canoe.

Mr. Alfred Wood has secured a good position as clerk in County Auditor's office in this city.

Mr. Henry Bards had a flying visit to Dayton, Ohio, on the Fourth. Pressley Reed, of Grant County, Ky., spent the Fourth in Cincinnati, taking in the Zoo Garden.

Misses Morin and Woliski will leave next week for the country in Kentucky, where they are to rusticate all the summer.

Prof. Eddy, of Danville, was in the city last week, enjoying the sights.

Otis Vance, just graduated from the Columbus School, has secured a job as a printer in the establishment of Atlessey & Co., in this city.

MERCURY.

JULY 6, '81.

COLUMBUS.

A WEEK'S BUDGET FROM THE CAPITAL OF THE BUCKEYES.

The attempted assassination of President Garfield on Saturday and the great anxiety felt over his condition, had the effect of giving us here, as elsewhere, a comparatively quiet Fourth of July. Hardly anybody seemed to care to celebrate the natal day of the Republic, unless the small boys, and they, with their firecrackers, were not as boisterous as they would naturally have been, had the fearful and terrible crime not occurred.

At the Institution, there was no demonstration of any kind to mark the day, not even the stars and stripes were waived to the breeze from the flag staff, in fact the occasion was considered too solemn for even such a display.

Mr. Joseph W. Leib went to Dublin, a small village northwest from here, on the Fourth to take part in a picnic. He went on his bicycle and accomplished the distance, about 11 miles, in a little over two hours.

Mr. Thomas McGinness, in company with Alonzo Kingry, went to Cleveland Saturday night. On the Fourth they came over to Put-in-Bay to take part in the deaf-mute picnic announced to be held there by the Michigan mutes. The latter, to the number of over a hundred, did not put in their appearance, however, till nearly noon, and then they were given only a couple of hours to spend on the Island. The affair cannot be said to have been a success. On the other hand much indignation was expressed for the limited time afforded by the steamer to the excursionists. Glad we did not go, which we had decided to at the last moment, and were only prevented by being unable to make proper railroad connections to get there in time.

Principal Dudley, of the Kentucky Institution, has become an author. The book he has prepared is an arithmetic, and designed especially for deaf-mute pupils. A hasty examination of it leads us to think that it will be adopted in a number of institutions. The book is printed at the Kentucky School upon large, clear type, and is on the whole a good piece of workmanship.

Mrs. Helen A. Rose, the matron of the Institution, is off on a ten days' vacation.

There were two more specimens of the night blooming cereus in full bloom Wednesday evening, in the "Russell," and they attracted a great number of visitors.

Mr. Otis Vance, of the class of '81, after a week's trial, was given a permanent situation as a typist in a large printing and lithographing establishment in Cincinnati.

Mr. Augustus Boas, of the same class, has secured a situation as marble polisher, working with Mr. John Hahn.

About a year ago, Col. Anderson, of Cincinnati, gave the Deaf-Mute Literary Society several boxes of starch, a queer article for such an association, and next gave them \$50, and now we are told that he has but lately given the society fifty volumes of choice books to form the nucleus of a library.

Prof. McGregor was last week re-elected Principal of the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Day Schools for two years, by the Board of Education.

COLUMBUS.

7-9-'81.

NOT IN FAVOR OF A "NON-EPISCOPAL" MISSION.

"Will the deaf-mutes in New York City, who are in favor of forming a Mission (non-Episcopal) service for deaf-mutes, after the manner of New England services, please send their address to, etc., etc."—DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, June 30, 1881.

Of course the person or persons, for it is probable there is more than one interested in the plan, who inserted the above notice in the *JOURNAL*, must expect some people to take a different view of the matter from that in which he, she or they look upon the affair.

I am opposed to the whole thing; and with all respect to those who proposed the Mission, the proposal strikes me as absurd. The deaf-mutes of New York have one Church—St. Ann's—already, and it is free to them. They can go there every Sunday, and need not pay a single cent for their seats, which is not the case often in respect to other churches.

A minister or missionary must be trained to his work if he expects any good to follow his preaching. Untrained men, while they may do good occasionally, are, as a rule, very apt to make blunders. What would be thought of a man totally ignorant of the use of tools undertaking, alone and unassisted, to erect a house? He would be laughed at, of course. The same rule holds good with respect to ministers. They must go through years of hard training before they are fit to preach. It may seem an easy matter to prepare a sermon, but it really is hard work. Every thought must be turned again and again until it is satisfactory; every thought must be new for fear that the congregation may become weary; every thought must be carefully scrutinized lest it may be unsound and opposed to Scripture, and the congregation be thus misled. And this, week after week, year after year, without ceasing. All this we get free!

It is utterly impossible for the deaf to start a Mission of their own without the assistance of those who can hear, for it would require more money than they could afford to give. I mean no reproach—it is no disgrace to be poor—but such is the case. They would have to apply to those who can hear for aid, and it would probably be refused. I showed the notice which heads this article to one of the most prominent publishers in New York City, and a PRESBYTERIAN, and he wrote, "Nonsense! The Episcopal service is just the thing for them to take part in it. Dr. Gallaudet is a good man. He is a hero. I know him well." Presbyterians and Episcopalians have been quarreling for centuries, and yet I believe few Presbyterians would support the plan of starting a rival Mission to that of St. Ann's, if they knew Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and how faithfully he has served the deaf and how little thanks he gets for it.

I have been to St. Ann's Church often lately, and never has a sermon been preached in my presence to which any Evangelical Protestant, no matter what his particular Church, might be, could take exception or offense. They were all good, sound scriptural sermons.

Every one has some pet theory about every thing, religion included, and if every one started a Church, to be governed solely according to his ideas, the number of churches would be endless. I have often been in villages where there were six or seven different churches belonging to different denominations, and probably there were not over five hundred people in the village. It struck me as absurd. If they had all united, they could have had a better and a stronger church and could do a great deal more good. Almost all the Protestant churches agree upon the fundamental truths of the Bible—i.e., those necessary to salvation—the only exception to the rule that I can remember, are the Universalists and Unitarians. They only differ in regard to church-government, though some of them, to be sure, carry it to such an extent that one would think that if one did not belong to a particular church, he was sure of damnation—judging from what some bigots say.

The deaf owe more to the Gallaudet family than they can ever pay. Thomas H. Gallaudet founded the first school for deaf-mutes ever started in this country; Edward Gallaudet started the first College; Rev. Thomas Gallaudet their first Church, and what has been their reward? Ingratitude and slander. But it always has been thus. Let a man try to benefit his fellow creatures and he is very sure to be abused. I have read articles written by the deaf about Dr. Thomas Gallaudet which have made my blood boil with indignation. He will not condescend to notice them, for he knows that nobody who knows him will believe the writer—the articles to which I allude in this paragraph did not appear in the *JOURNAL*—and he knows that his character needs no defence, but will, like a star, shine pure and spotless long after the writer of the slanders against him has been forgotten.

It must not be supposed from the above that I am an Episcopalian. Such is not the case. I belong to a family well known for their strict Presbyterian views on religious matters, and yet members of my family have repeatedly urged me to go to St. Ann's Church, and I am sure they would give no support to the proposed rival Mission. Neither am I an intimate friend of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. My acquaintance with him is very slight indeed, but I know he is a good man, and I have a great respect for him.

CLEMENT R. THOMPSON.

Dizziness in Deaf-Mutes.

(From the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, June, 1881.)

Professor William James, of Harvard University, who, as the principals of our institutions have had occasion to know from the circulars of inquiry sent them, has recently been investigating the sense of dizziness in deaf-mutes, published in the *Harvard University Bulletin* for April 1, 1881, (No. 18,) the following preliminary note concerning the results he has obtained:

"An immense amount of evidence, collected within the last few years, tends to show that the semicircular canals of the internal ear have nothing to do with the function of hearing, but are organs of a special sense hitherto unrecognized as such: the sense, namely, of translation through space, which in its more extreme degrees becomes the feeling of dizziness or vertigo. It occurred to me that, if this theory were true, some, at least, of the inmates of deaf and dumb institutions ought to prove insusceptible of experiencing this latter sensation, for in some either the whole auditory nerve is probably degenerated, or else its ampullar terminations will have shared the local fate, whatever it be, which has abolished the hearing functions or the cochlea.

"An inquiry was accordingly set on foot, of which the results already most beautifully confirm the modern theory. A very large number of the deaf-mutes examined are either wholly incapable of being made dizzy by the most violent rotations, or experience but a slight transient giddiness. Others, as was to be expected, are strongly and normally affected. The difference in the diameter of the two extreme classes of patients is so striking as to leave no room for mistake, and to banish doubt from the most sceptical spectator's mind. In the Horace Mann School in Boston, where 54 children were whirled in a rotary swing, (by far the purest and most powerful means of inducing vertigo,) only two were made dizzy, and 49 hardly dizzy." At the National College for Deaf-Mutes in Washington, out of 62 persons examined, 19 are not at all dizzy, and 2 hardly dizzy. I have also received 58 answers to a printed circular of questions: 18 of these report complete absence, 12 a slight degree of dizziness; in all, 326 cases, of whom 131 were not dizzy, and 63 but slightly so.

"The deficiency in question seems quite independent of the age at which deafness began, semi-mutes and congenitals being found differently in all these classes. The number of deaf-mutes who are afflicted with disorders of locomotion seems never to have attracted the attention of physiologists, although in has long been notorious in institutions. The connection of these disorders with the loss of the semicircular canal sense becomes now a most interesting problem, into which I have begun to inquire. The matter is evidently complicated by the fact that the disease causing deafness may also leave central disorders expressing themselves in anesthesia of the legs or by ataxia. That this is so appears by the number of semi-mutes who stagger and zigzag in walking, especially in the dark, but who are normal as respects dizziness. Congenital mutes are hardly ever found with disorders of locomotion.

"The evidence I already have in hand justifies the formation of a tentative hypothesis, as follows: The normal guiding sensation in locomotion is that from the semicircular canals. This is co-ordinated in the cerebellum (which is known to receive auditory nerve fibres) with the appropriate muscles, and the nervous machinery becomes structurally organized in the first few years of life. If then, this guiding sensation be suddenly abolished by disease, the machinery is thrown completely out of gear, and must form closer connections than before either with sight or touch. But the cerebellar tracts, being already organized in another way, yield but slowly to the new co-ordinations now required, and for many years make the patient's gait uncertain, especially in the dark. Where the defect of the auditory nerve is congenital the cerebellar machinery is organized from the very outset in co-ordination with tactile sensations, and no difficulty occurs.

"To prove this hypothesis, a minute medical examination of many typical cases will be required. If this prove confirmatory, it will then appear probable that many of the so-called paralyses after diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., may be nothing but sudden anesthesia of the semicircular canals.

"A complete discussion, with further details, is reserved for future publication."

We hope the effect of this preliminary note will be to awaken increased interest in the investigation on the part of our institution principals, and to lead to further and more careful experiment. The discrepancies in the reports from the various institutions would seem to indicate that the experiments thus far have not been made with uniform accuracy, and we believe that, however correct Professor James may be in his general conclusions, he has not yet arrived at the whole truth upon some of the minor questions involved. Thus he says that "the deficiency in question [absence of the sense of dizziness]

seems quite independent of the age at which deafness began, semi-mutes and congenitals being found indifferently in all three classes." But at the National College, where the experiments were made very carefully and intelligently by Professor Porter, it was found that nearly all the congenitally deaf were made dizzy by rotating rapidly, while many of the semi-mutes, especially those who were made deaf by cerebro-spinal meningitis, were not so affected. Moreover, there are not among the college students many "semi-mutes who stagger and zigzag in walking, especially in the dark, but who are normal as respects dizziness," the majority of them being "abnormal" in both these respects.

MISSISSIPPI DEAF-MUTES.

INTERESTING EXHIBITION IN THE CHAPEL OF THE INSTITUTE.

On Wednesday night last the extensive buildings constituting the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb of Jackson, Miss., were all aglow from cellar to garret. With its beautiful fountains and tastily laid-out grounds fronting on State street, lit up by lights from the buildings and two immense gas lamps at the yard entrance, the whole presented a scene at once delightful to the eye and invigorating to the senses. Within all was taste, beauty and elegance—a host of intelligent, happy-looking pupils and inmates, who were either to take part in or become interested spectators of the exercises of the evening, and a throng of friends of the Institution eager to witness the novelty of a pantomimic school exhibition. At the appointed hour the curtains were drawn revealing a lovely tableau entitled "Pyramid of Beauty," composed of the girls of the Institution. Then followed recitations and tableaux alternately until the programme was ended. 'Tis true no word was uttered in the rendition of the recitations of the pupils, but the interpretation thereof by Professor Dobyns enabled the beholder to comprehend how thoroughly all acquainted themselves, and how eloquently one may speak to the other even by the silent pantomime alone. Some of the comic parts (or rather dialogues) were rendered with a precision of action, comprehension and skilled facial expression that would have been creditable to trained actors and actresses of the stage. Such scenes were largely enjoyed by the elegant audience present. Mr. Dobyns came forward and pleasantly thanked all for their presence and attention, and invited those who might wish to do so to remain and mingle with the inmates, that they might thus be prevented from feeling that they were shut off from the speaking world. Prof. Dobyns is a man of elegant manners, quite demagogic and evidently of sterling worth. He has not been long in our midst, but has favorably impressed and won the friendship of all with whom he has become associated. He is devoted to the work he has in hand, and seems peculiarly fitted for the arduous and humane duties. He is a consistent christian, and the example of such a teacher will result in good to every one under his care. We congratulate the State upon the now excellent condition of her Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Explanation.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My attention has been called to the fact that there is one important mistake in my letter in your last issue. I said that the usual excursion rates were "four cents per mile in one direction—a reduction of one-third from the regular rates." Perhaps the language does not give exactly the meaning I want to be conveyed. Well, I shall say more plainly. The excursion rates are two cents per mile one way and four cents per mile both ways.

I have made engagements with several leading hotels in the city for the accommodation of those who wish to be present at the coming convention.

R. M. ZEIGLER,
Chairman State Committee.

Deaf-Mute Sympathy.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE:

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, representing the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity, desire to express to President Garfield the horror which we feel but cannot describe, at the dastardly attempt on his life—a life made sacred to his country by his services on the field of battle and in the council chamber of the Nation. As a class, we have peculiar reasons for regarding him with gratitude, for has he not shown himself a friend to the higher education of our class? If one drop of sympathy out of the whole ocean of the world flowing toward the White House, from a class whom he has befriended, can bring comfort to our good President, in this sad hour, give it to him from us. Please extend our heartfelt sympathy to his heroic wife, in this hour of sorrow and suffering.

GEO. A. HOLMES,
JOHN T. TILLINGHAST,
WM. LYNDE,
HARRY WHITE.

Remember the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club's picnic to Lansing Grove, below Lansingburgh, Tuesday morning August 24, at 10 o'clock sharp. The street car conductors will tell the picnicers where the Grove stands. Refreshments provided by the picnicers. Welcome to all. No tickets.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

The Deaf & Dumb Asylum at Turtle Creek.

THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

An Interesting Programme

(Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, June 29.)

Yesterday afternoon the anniversary exercises of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb were held in the United Presbyterian Church at Turtle Creek. A great many persons interested in the institution went out on the noon train to be in time to witness the exercises. One special feature of interest in connection with this anniversary occasion was the fact that it was the first public entertainment given since the new principal, Prof. McWorter, has been in charge.

The attendance was quite large, and the character of the audience was a complimentary endorsement of the institution in the highest degree flattering.

IN THE CHURCH.

The usual preparation had been made at the church for the exhibition. The reading desk was removed and a temporary platform neatly covered with carpet erected in front of the auditorium. A line of blackboards, indispensable at an exhibition of this description, was placed at the rear of the stage, a line of evergreen rope being run along the top for ornamental purposes.

Baskets and bouquets of flowers were placed along the front of the stage, and had a very pretty effect. At half past one the scholars marched into the building and took the seats reserved for them in the front. The girls were all nicely dressed, the white dresses and many colored ribbons usual at school entertainments being the rule. The boys were all cleanly and neatly attired, but with the exception of some of the little fellows had not paid as much attention to their clothes as had their sisters in affliction.

The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Allegheny City. Dr. J. G. Brown made a few remarks, in which he stated that during the past year the work of the school had progressed in a most satisfactory manner, the number of pupils being larger than at any previous time, and the management of the Principal, McWorter, being all that could be desired. Mr. McWorter also made a brief address; outlining the difficulties experienced in educating the deaf and dumb, and demonstrating how they are brought from a state of almost absolute uselessness to a condition where they are good members of society.

THE YOUNGEST CLASS.

The youngest class of the institution, children who had been at school from four to ten months, took a position on the stage, and under direction of the teacher in charge, Miss Cuddy, went through a number of exercises on the blackboards, writing their names, ages, places of residence, etc. This over, Master I. Kinney represented in signs the rifling of an orchard and the capture of the robber. It was a remarkably clear piece of pantomimic work. The second class, under Miss Roup, was then placed at the blackboard. The children in this class have been at the school from fifteen to eighteen months. The exercises were similar to those of the smaller class, but were carried to a higher degree. The hymn, "I want to be with Jesus," was given by Maggie Morgan in the sign-language, and the first part of the programme was ended by the representations of the passions by John Brickley, Mr. McWorter announcing the names and the pupil assuming the attitude expressive of the passion stated.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

The second part of the programme opened with blackboard exercises of a class under the direction of Miss Boyer. This class was composed of older scholars and gave evidence of a more advanced state of education than either of the other classes, answering a number of questions in geography in a satisfactory manner. Miss Amanda Winch followed with a presentation of how she would cure an intemperate husband. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" was illustrated by John Brickley. It is difficult for any one who has never witnessed a performance of this nature to conceive how much force and character can be expressed by signs, when signs are the only means of expression.

THE ADVANCED PUPILS.

The performances of the highest class came next. The pupils in this class have been in the institution for four or five years.

They opened with an exhibition at the blackboard under direction of Mr. Teegarden. While the class was at the board Fannie Kells gave a representation of a young lady performing the mysteries of the toilette. She was life-like to the extreme, from the time of placing imaginary hairpins in

her mouth, through powder box and bare foot, feather and ribbons, kid gloves and hat, to the final walk around in front of the mirror. In the meantime the class was put through an extensive examination in United States history, arithmetic, geography, etc. The questions covered a wide range, were put at random and were answered with apparent ease by the pupils, no evidences of hesitation being perceptible. The exhibition of this class closed with "America" in the sign language.

The last exercise was a repetition of the Lord's Prayer in the sign language by Miss Valeta Householder.

The exercises throughout showed careful training and wonderful advancement. It was evident that Prof. M. Whorter understood his business and was succeeding finely.

After the performances by the pupils a number of gentlemen made short addresses, and at the conclusion the audience was dismissed with the benediction.

As there was still some time before the train would arrive, the visitors improved the opportunity for an inspection of the grounds and the buildings. Meantime the Trustees held a meeting and appointed Dr. Brown and Alexander Bradley, Esq., a committee to visit Harrisburg and urge upon Governor Hoyt the necessity of signing the appropriation bill for the institution.

CORRESPONDENCE FOR ALL.

No. 2.

Home again! How delightful after absence to return to a comfortable home—to the sanctuary of one's own room—there restfully to reflect upon the events which made our absence pleasant or otherwise.

This is a lovely June morning. Sitting alone with my books, pictures of friends, and my highly valued writing materials, I feel too dull for connected thought upon any particular subject, so want to chat awhile with the JOURNAL circle—not that I am vain enough to think that my remarks will greatly interest them; but because wherever I am my deafness is a strong force constantly impelling me towards other deaf persons as fast as I become apprized of their deafness—constantly making me feel that their interests are to a considerable degree my own. As some who read the mute papers know that I was lately a sojourner in Chicago, I will say my two months there were pleasant, were profitable, even beyond my expectations. One of my pleasantest experiences being a call from Prof. D. W. George, wife and little son, one evening, and later a visit to their cozy home. Mrs. G. is just what I always thought she would be—a neat housekeeper, and keeps herself and child neat also. The child, "Jamie," who is about three years old, hears well, and I am told talks finely for his age. He also makes signs that are cute indeed. If the writer who, over the signature "Wisconsin Girl Graduate," spoke so disrespectfully of Mr. and Mrs. G. could spend a short time with them, hearty regret for the unjust comments would be experienced, pardon asked, and request to be hereafter counted among their staunch friends, would be made. When I first looked at Mr. George, I was in a maze of wonder, as to whether he had grown prematurely bald, or his wife had been punishing him for some misdemeanor, in the summary way wives are represented as doing in cases of extreme perverseness on the husband's part; but noticing the boy's head was equally void of hair, I concluded the barbers clipper had been employed in efforts to give their brains the full benefit of any fresh air that may hover about the city during the summer. This conclusion was soon corroborated by Mr. G., who, although I made no comment upon their heads, for joy at seeing their faces, probably read my thoughts.

To those who read J. E. G.'s "Dots from Chicago," in April, and noticed his remark that Mr. George had "moved to the basement of his mother's house—probably to get out of the way of intruders," I take the liberty of saying, he made that remark on his own hook, Mr. and Mrs. G. having given him no license to send out any such instructions, nor had they ever hinted that they regard the mutes who visit them as "intruders." On the contrary, they ever welcome them cordially, and want the fact known to their friends.

Probably "J. E. G." wrote with out any thought of doing serious mischief to his friends, nevertheless, his words if taken seriously might cause the entire estrangement of many whose friendship is highly valued to him, hence my allusion to it, yet with no desire to wound his feelings.

During those two months in the city, several new names were added to my list of friends, some deaf—some hearing. Among the latter, was an intelligent middle-aged German woman, who, when a young girl at home in the Fatherland, had a deaf-mute lover, a very intelligent, industrious, wealthy young man; but her parents fearing if she married him her children would inherit his deafness, refused consent to their union. Later, she married a hearing man, with whom she immigrated to this country and lost sight of her old deaf-mute suitor; yet she never forgot him, and now in her widowhood for his sake she feels interested in other deaf-mutes. No doubt this case is but one among many in which a dash of true love has been sacrificed to what is being yearly more and more clearly proven a groundless fear—namely,

that deafness is uniformly hereditary, proven by the fact that deaf children are not born to deaf people in much greater proportion than they are to the hearing.

While I was away from home, quite a pile of papers and pamphlets accumulated upon my table.

A pamphlet of pleasurable interest to me is a "Descriptive Catalogue of the Westbury, Long Island, Nurseries," sent by Mr. Gilbert Hicks, who will please accept my thanks for the same. I presume he was induced to send it through Mr. G. E. Fischer, to whom I am indebted for some magnificent carnations sent me in midwinter, and a box of rare bulbs sent me in the Spring. Some of the carnations afforded rare pleasure to a deaf-mute lady who was at that time rapidly sinking in the last stages of consumption, and who has since died. The latter—the bulbs—will afford pleasure to me and all who enter our garden during the summer, or our house during the winter, as some of them are winter bloomers. Mr. Fischer can never know the full weight of pleasure his thoughtful kindness has afforded me. I sincerely hope his health, which has for some considerable time been failing, will improve, as we need the kindly-hearted and generous to increase public respect for our class.

Another pamphlet is one entitled "Tenth Annual Report of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes, of Montreal, Canada." It is "printed by the boys of the Institution," and is a neat job. The school has recently sustained a great loss in the death of its noble founder, Mr. Joseph Mackay. Yet, we think, its pupils, and especially its deaf-mute principal, Mr. Thomas Widd, need not despair, as the Heavenly Father will raise them up other influential patrons in due time. Any one who recognizes Mr. Widd's handwriting must notice that it indicates a generous spirit, and is entirely free of what is very aptly called "dummysm." When in consideration with this we recollect that he became totally deaf between his third and fourth year, we can but feel that he is a remarkable man, worthy of better treatment than he receives.

"What is Judge DeCoursey's real name?" lately asked one of my correspondents, a married lady, whom I am proud to call my friend. She supplemented the question with the remark "some of his articles in the JOURNAL are just splendid, and I hope the mutes will appreciate their worth." I entirely agree with her in thinking his articles valuable—a late one, "Intemperance," was timely, and worthy of a second perusal by all who saw it or may yet see it. The subject of Intemperance is one of vast importance to society. Thousands of people now abjectly poor might be rich; thousands now utterly wretched might be happy, but for the curse of intemperance. Only yesterday, one of my nearest neighbors, a young man, was locked up in the city calaboose for drunken misdemeanor, also fined twenty-five dollars—a heavy sum for a poor day worker. Yet it was not his first drunk, nor first fine. As it is harder for mutes to make a living than for the hearing, they have extra need to guard against intemperance. "Touch not, taste not," should be every mute's motto in regard to intoxicating drinks.

I must congratulate the M. L. A. members on good judgement in voting beer for their coming excursion. If all other deaf-mute gatherings that may convene during the summer will act as wisely it will be a cause for general gratification. It should be enacted as a law by all deaf-mute associations that there shall be no means of getting drunk furnished at any of their public gatherings, that those who will not let strong drink alone must be content to do their drinking their self and family disgracing at home. We value our respectability as a class, and will not for the gratifying of depraved appetites submit to the public disgrace which the drunken individuals invariably cause.

With kind wishes for all, I am,
Very Sincerely,
ANGIE FULLER.
SAVANNA, ILL., June 23, '81.

Rhode Islanders on a Picnic.

MR. EDITOR:—Old Sol favoring us with his beaming countenance on the Fourth, the Woonsocket mutes hurried to the depot, where eleven mutes were waiting to receive them. A beautiful sight it was to see them with their happy faces and baskets of refreshments, with the expectation of a "good time in the country." The ladies rode in two wagons hired for them, while the gentlemen walked, under the guidance of Mr. Oscar Kinsman, to the house of Mrs. Whipple Follett. What was it for? A picnic.

After the customary shaking of hands and introducing of strangers, the party proceeded to make themselves at home for the day. There were twenty-one mutes in all present, which number was quite a surprise to all as well as very gratifying. Mrs. Follett was full of humor, and manifested considerable pleasure at meeting them.

Soon after our arrival, Mrs. Follett, assisted by her beautiful daughter, Minnie, proceeded to remove the contents of the well filled baskets and to place them upon a long table. Before attacking the appetizing viands, the party was honored, collectively, by a few words from Mrs. F., during

which she said she was very glad to see them, and that in the midst of their festivities they should not forget the Merciful God, and invoked His blessing on the repast. Mrs. Follett, Miss Mary McKay and Mrs. Kinsman, made the many good things taste more delicious, if possible, by the charming manner in which they waited on the table, while Mr. Kinsman, as head waiter, did himself credit.

After about one hour had been spent at the table, the company repaired to the house, where a pleasant time was spent in conversation. A spirited walking match was contested by Miss McKay and James Dolan, and the latter proved too much for the former. Swinging and various other games were indulged in until Mrs. Follett, in the presence of all the mutes, was presented with a beautiful album by the Woonsocket mutes, as a testimonial of their great esteem for her.

At the conclusion of this interesting ceremony, a running match was arranged between James Dolan, Joseph H. Donnelly, Daniel, son of Mrs. Follett, and the writer, the former proving an easy winner. Perhaps the most mirth-provoking sight of the day was the race between two ladies, Misses O'Gara and Lester. After a most exciting struggle, the former was victorious. Miss Lester took her defeat gracefully. Then Miss O'Gara challenged Miss McKay, who was reported to be a very fast runner, to a race. The challenge was accepted, but the race did not take place, however, there being no prizes.

About an hour after, the party partook of a light lunch and started homeward with many pleasant recollections of the First Annual Rhode Island Picnic. The names of the mutes present were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman, Mr. and Mrs. Levi A. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Budlong, and James Dolan, all of Providence; Misses Nellie O'Gara, Ida Nichols and Marks, of Pawtucket; Mr. Campbell, of Central Falls; Mrs. Maker, of Swansea, Mass.; Patrick Sullivan, of Boston; Mr. C. W. Mowry and wife, Mrs. Whipple Follett, Erwin A. Aldrich, Joseph Donnelly, Mrs. Desire Mowry and the writer.

NOTES.

Messrs. Lester, Campbell and Dolan missed the train and were obliged to seek quarters in a hotel. However, they had a royal time, Daniel and the writer being with them until late in the evening.

The eye of James Dolan was injured while firing a canon. He has the sympathy of all the mutes.

J. F. D.

Louisville Jottings.

June came in raining and went out raining.

July is here again, and with it comes the Fourth, generally celebrated with so much pleasure by all classes of people. Times are dull with the mutes this summer. They will all stay at home on the Fourth. Last year they had a picnic; but the remembrance of how they were surrounded with niggers and the promiscuous crowd, they concluded to let the niggers and those that like such crowds to have the whole day to themselves, and we will have ours some other day. We have no idea how it is that the young men feel so indifferent to the enjoyment of the open air picnics in which we love to indulge.

Say, have you seen the comet? We saw it as early as 8 o'clock p. m. in the north-west.

We are gladdened at the sight of the pupils of the Kentucky and Indiana Schools. They all came home safe, and in good health. We have seen nothing of the college students yet. There are ten mute boys from Louisville attending the Danville Institution, but no girls. Our sister city, Jeffersonville, Ind., has but one mute lady, and about five boys; while New Albany, Ind., large and lovely city as it is, has not one mute lady living in it, but a few boys. We wonder not that Prof. Charles Gregory does not relish it, he being used to the brilliant society of ladies, and we do not wonder he keeps away from such a lonely place. We quite miss Miss Emma Ek, who has moved to Pennsylvania.

Charles Fosdick, the editor of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, made his appearance among us last Sunday in company with a few gentlemen visitors from Danville, and, also, a young lady from Frankfort, Ky. Charles takes a deep interest in the Bible Class, and makes others be on hand every Sunday afternoon. Any one from abroad who wish to visit the Bible Class ought to come to the Baptist Church, on Fourth and Walnut streets. The lecture room in which the Bible Class is, is opened by the sexton at 2 o'clock and is kept open till 4 o'clock. The teacher begins to teach at 3 o'clock sharp and continues till 4, and then we adjourn promptly, as the sexton waits to close the church as is required of him. Strangers (mutes) who visit Louisville and come to our class with a desire to converse, will have a good opportunity by getting there before 3 o'clock.

The Bible Class is not what it has been. The gathering is very limited in comparison with the gatherings of last summer. There is a marked change in our class. We feel the loss of the departed ones. Three fair and beautiful ladies have laid aside their mantle of maidenhood, and gone abroad to battle with life with partners of their own choice. Five gentlemen have left us for good. They have got employment out of Kentucky.

Mr. Lamanthus Rusk is rustating

out in the country for the summer. When he comes back he will work in Mr. Glone's Louisville Coffin Co., and will get better wages than he has heretofore at the Plow Factory.

Mr. W. McAtee is still the secretary of the Bible Class. The death of his aunt and the breaking up of housekeeping prevented him going to Texas.

Most of the young men of our Bible Class have of late shown a preference to attend the base ball games played at Central Park every Sunday. The ball players draw a large majority of the people. At times as many as a thousand people witness a game on a Sunday. We can not say how long the mutes' enthusiasm for Sunday ball games will last, but it is said to witness their taste for such amusement. If this continues we do not know whether the Bible Class will hold together during summer. Time will show.

A certain mute from another State, whose name we withhold, who had been staying in the city for some months, got in trouble in a saloon, and was arrested. He was brought before the court and was fined \$25. Not having the money it was decided to send him to the workhouse, but learning that he did not belong to Kentucky, they ordered him to leave the city at once and forever.

"A man undertook, the other day, to make a jury believe he was deaf, but a chap hired by the opposite council softly whispered: 'Let's go out and drink,' and the fellow heard him the first time."

I was told by two ladies, one from Portland, Me., and the other from Louisville, that a gentleman, rather handsome in appearance and well dressed, went around in Portland begging for old clothes. In Louisville, a man has been peddling needles, etc., with a card upon which was written, "I am deaf and dumb." The way it was found that he was a lunatic was from the mother of a mute who spoke to him in the sign-language, and as he did not understand she sent her daughter to converse with him, which frightened both parties, as they could not converse at all, the sign-language being new to the imposter. He vacated the premises in short order.

It is a burning shame how hearing people bring dishonor upon deaf-mutes by assuming to be deaf and dumb, and thus have their sympathy in their misfortune. This is not the first time we have noticed that hearing people personate the mutes while begging, for Miss Ladd, President of the Louisville Missionary Society, gave an account in the Louisville Courier-Journal of how a woman and her daughter, pretending to be deaf and dumb, got whiskey and other things, not very long ago. She found out that they were not mutes, so made it public. Impostors are increasing at a fearful rate, and we think the best way to suppress them would be for every mute to have them arrested as soon as detected.

All the mutes (young men) here have occupations, although some get low wages, still they stick to their trade rather than be out of employment. They condemn loafing. Much credit is due those who are steady and industrious. They will always command the respect of their employers, who hardly ever discharge them without giving them a letter of introduction to friends in a like business. As for the ladies, they are helping their mothers in the domestic department at home. The number of mute ladies here is limited, there being but seven all told. All are handsome brunettes save one, a blonde. Two of the brunettes will probably marry before the year 1881 expires. Last year, Louisville had three blondes, two of whom married and left the city. All three were diminutive ladies with frail and delicate features, and for those who are here

"Who might have been—ah! what I dare not think.
We are all changed. God judges us for best,
God help us do our duty, and not shrink
And trust to Heaven humbly for the rest.
But blame us woman not, if some appear
Too cold at times and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?"

Miss Maggie Gray, one of the fairest blondes, was recently married to Mr. A. H. Walker at home in a quiet way. After their marriage they went to their home in Tennessee. She is a highly accomplished semi-mute lady. She never attended a deaf-mute school. "Judge DeCoursey" had the honor to be her teacher at home for a few months. She can play on the piano and sing sweetly, as I am told; and, besides, is an artist. She has painted a few large and beautiful pictures in oil, which were pronounced excellent by those who criticised them.

I must close, or you, Mr. Editor, will have to enlarge your good paper to make room for your correspondents, if they are so long winded as I have been.

MARGARET.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Detroit, Mich.	July	3d.
Port Huron, Mich.	"	5th.
Jackson, Mich.	"	6th.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	"	7th.
Albion, Mich.	"	8th.
Chicago, Ill.	"	10th.
Freeport, Ill.	"	11th.
Rockport, Ill.	"	12th.
Pittsburg, Pa.	"	17th.
St. Louis, Mo.	"	24th.
Cleveland, O.	"	31st.
Indianapolis.	Aug.	7th.

Other appointments may be made between any of the above, and notice be duly given by postal card.

The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1880 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship. It has developed cyclopaedia making; its various editions having been many times revised, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as standing at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek, upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign market, and could not be expected to give as much prominence to American topics as the American readers might desire. To supply these and other deficiencies a large corps of American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopaedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

Price of the 15 volumes, complete, in extra cloth binding, \$15.00. In half Russia, sprinkled edges, \$25.00. In half Russia, gilt top, \$22.50. In full library sheep, marbled edges, \$25.00.

The superlative value and importance of this great Encyclopaedia lies especially in the fact that it is brought within the reach of every one who aspires after knowledge and culture. It is really a library of universal knowledge. It brings a liberal education easily within the reach even of every apprentice boy of the city. Every farmer and every mechanic in the land owes it to himself and to his children that such a Cyclopaedia shall henceforward form a part of the outfit of his home. To the professional man, and every person of intelligence in every walk of life, a Cyclopaedia is a necessity.

Of course the old and wealthy publishers who have grown rich (it is said that the Appletons have made a profit of nearly two million dollars on their Cyclopaedia) from the sale of their highest priced publications are not pleased that their monopolies are broken, and their power overthrown. Of course the book agents and booksellers who have been used to getting from 40 to 60 per cent commission for selling these high-priced books are not so well pleased to sell the Library of Universal Knowledge on 15 per cent commission, though those who are not short-sighted discover that their own interests, after all, are identical with the interests of the people, and their real profits, in the end, are increased, by the immense sales which result from meeting the people's wants. The majority of booksellers, however, are better pleased to stand than to sell this and our numerous other standard and incomparably low-priced publications. But the Literary Revolution has always looked to the people, in whose interests it is, for its patronage, and it has never looked in vain, as our more than one million volumes printed last year (this year being increased to probably more than two millions) abundantly prove. You can order the Cyclopaedia directly from us, and by uniting with your neighbors and friends you can secure club rates as follows:

A discount of 10 per cent will be allowed to any one ordering at one time three or more sets of the Cyclopaedia; and a discount of 15 per cent will be allowed to any one ordering five or more sets at one time.

As a special inducement to our friends and patrons to go to work promptly and vigorously, each doing what he can for the dissemination of universal knowledge, we propose to distribute \$10,000 in special premiums as follows, in addition to the regular discount to clubs:

\$5,000 Reward to be distributed equally among the first 500 club agents who send us clubs of not less than five subscribers, after June 15th and before September 1st.

\$5,000 Reward in addition to the first \$5,000 to be distributed among the 100 club agents who, during the same time, send us the largest number of subscribers. Subscribers which number of the 100 club agents may send us.

The names of the subscribers must be forwarded to us. The first \$5,000 named will be distributed as specified as rapidly as the orders are received, and the remaining \$5,000 will be distributed promptly upon receipt of the names of the persons receiving the rewards, with the amount received by each, and the list sent to all the club agents entering into competition for them. Subscribers must be actual purchasers for individual use, to entitle the club agent to the rewards under this offer, and not bookkeepers or agents who buy to sell again.

Persons desiring to raise clubs may send us at once for sample volumes, if they desire. In the various styles of binding, having 75 cents for the volume in cloth, \$1.00 for the volume in half Russia, sprinkled edges, and \$1.25 for the volume in library sheep. Orders for the full sets will be filled by us with the utmost promptness, without any ability to manufacture, beginning not later than July 15th, or on the day of the order of their receipt by us.

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